

Stroke 9, Latest Disaster

We met one Monday night where my friend bartends and always gives me drinks for free.
I caught you staring, or were you comparing the guy you were talking with to me.
Then you said: "This place is dead, and this drink is going to my head.
Take me home." I will, if you chill, there's still time to kill and this night just started looking bet
She bought herself a guitar, and she learned a few chords.
She wrote me a song that goes like this:

Get out, get dressed, you're just like the rest, there's only one thing you're after. You're
still the same self-centered bastard. You stay out all night with your shady friends just
getting plastered. This relationship's just my latest disaster.

I thought that I was doing everything right and giving her everything she needs. But I wake up
one morning and all that she's left is a break-up note that reads:
You don't, and you won't ever see my side of things...
Ahh come on. I would, if I could, but everything I thought was good would just upset her.

Our points of view will never meet.
I always miss what's incomplete.